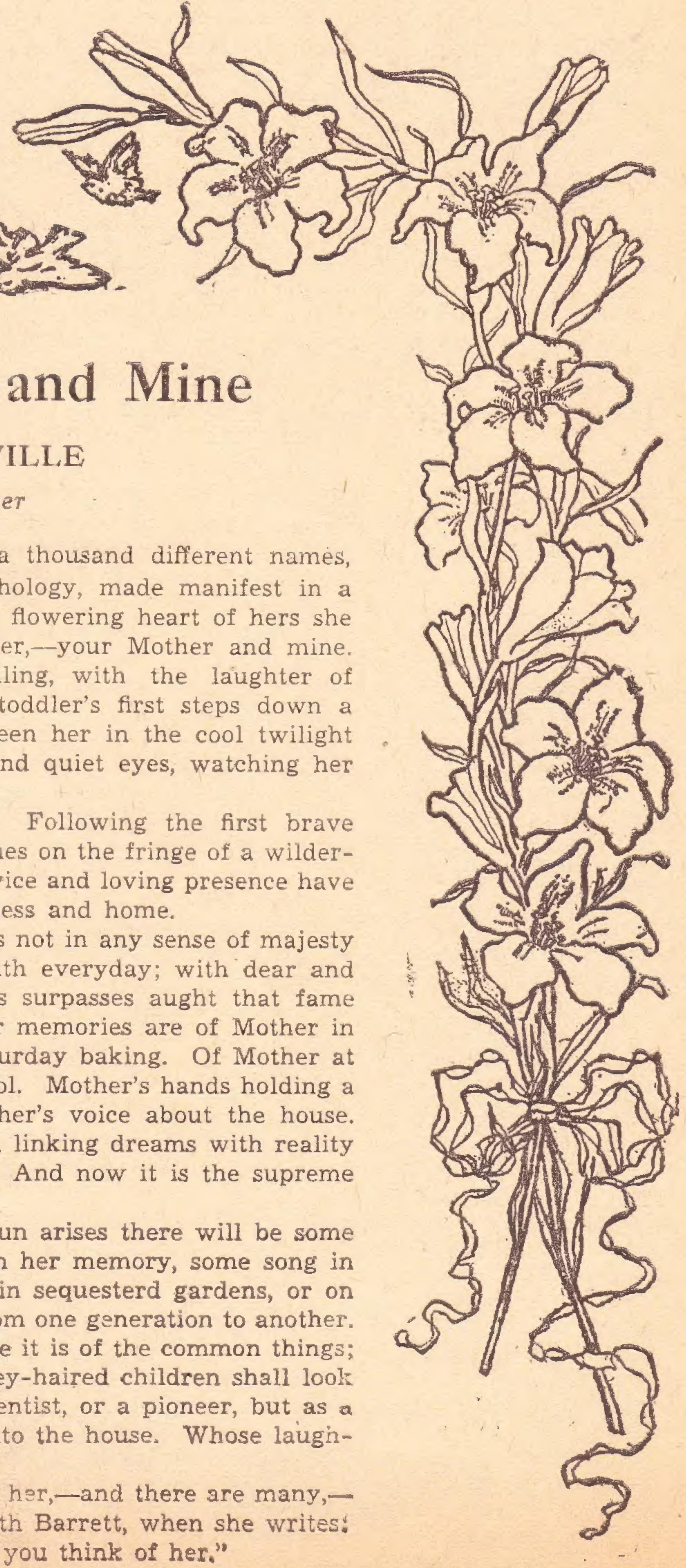


Northern Messenger

Rates Inside

MONTREAL, MAY 10, 1940.

77th Year.



Your Mother — and Mine

By R. H. GRENVILLE

For the Messenger

LIFE'S Immortelle she is: called by a thousand different names, and like a goddess of ancient mythology, made manifest in a thousand guises. Yet in that wonderful, flowering heart of hers she is one and the same the wide world over,—your Mother and mine.

We have seen her, young and smiling, with the laughter of girlhood full on her lips, guiding the toddler's first steps down a flowered cottage-walk. And we have seen her in the cool twilight of a summer's day, with folded hands and quiet eyes, watching her grand-children at their play.

Always there have been mothers. Following the first brave waggons into the new west; building homes on the fringe of a wilderness; at home and in exile their calm service and loving presence have meant all the difference between loneliness and home.

And so, when we remember her, it is not in any sense of majesty or triumph, but in that kindred link with everyday; with dear and humble things. Her hold on our hearts surpasses aught that fame could inspire or majesty command. Our memories are of Mother in the kitchen, letting us help with the Saturday baking. Of Mother at the door when we raced home from school. Mother's hands holding a new dress. . . . Mother's kiss. . . . Mother's voice about the house. Just her being there, doing things for us, linking dreams with reality . . . was the sublime bliss of childhood. And now it is the supreme heritage of memory.

Wherever the winds blow and the sun arises there will be some word or thought of her, some homage in her memory, some song in her honor. And in the fire-side ingles, in sequestered gardens, or on lonely farms word will go forth of her from one generation to another. And her glory shall surpass fame, because it is of the common things; the things nearest to the heart. And grey-haired children shall look back to Mother, not as a queen, or a scientist, or a pioneer, but as a Presence whose love brought sunshine into the house. Whose laughter made the drabest corner home.

Of all the songs written in tribute to her,—and there are many,—none suggests her half as well as Elizabeth Barrett, when she writes:

"'Twas her thinking of others made you think of her."

SWAT THAT FLY!

THIS is the time for each householder in Canada to lay plans for his own annual private war, in which the battle-cry is "Swat that Fly."

One reason for the success with which the pestiferous insect resists attacks upon him is his habit of taking up the fight each year without warning and before he is expected.

A good way to wreck his plans at this time is to spring clean the yard, and every other outlying portion of the home, as vigorously and thoroughly as the housewife cleans the interior. Garbage cans might be given a wash with strong disinfectant, with advantage to the household involved. No rubbish or garbage should be allowed to collect, and where manure is used for preparing the garden it should be dug under as soon as possible. Don't forget that the female fly lays her eggs in rubbish and refuse; that the grubs hatch out in a few days and shortly afterward burrow into the earth to undergo their metamorphosis. Don't

give them any encouragement or help in doing so.

* * *

MANY people still look on the fly as only a mild nuisance, chiefly annoying by his habits of buzzing and tickling. Those little things are nothing! If one has microscopical eyes, capable of seeing the disease germs which this enemy of mankind picks up, carries around and distributes in a single day, he would take a different view of the enemy.

It may be permitted to mention only one of the fly's obnoxious manners: When you see him trampling around in the sugar bowl, he is not just nibbling the grains of sugar. He can't nibble; so he regurgitates a drop of fluid from his tummy to melt the sugar, then he can suck it up. Not nice, is it?

The sooner you put up fly screens and get ready with the swatter, the better will be your chances of having a home free from flies.—Health League of Canada.

How Lipton Got the Butter and Eggs

LONG before he reached the age of fifty Sir Thomas Lipton was already a multi-millionaire employing many thousands of people.

When he started his shop in Glasgow he was dependent on wholesalers (or middlemen) for the goods sold over his counters. To save the middleman's profit he went out personally to attend the markets in the different towns and villages, and paid spot cash for all the stock he wanted.

In Northern Ireland, at a place called Lisnaske, an English commercial traveller gave him an idea that he used effectively.

Lipton hired an alert young man and offered him five shillings if he would go outside the town, meet the farmers on their way in, and make

deals with them for their butter and eggs before they entered the market. The price he was offering was put on different tickets, so much for butter, and so much for eggs, and these tickets were given to the farmers with the information that cash down would be paid by Thomas Lipton, of Glasgow, for all supplies they cared to take to him.

In less than half an hour the farmers began to roll up to Lipton's stall, passing, much to their mortification, all the other would-be buyers.

Advertising is a simple thing. If you want people to know what you're thinking about, tell them. If, like Lipton, you tell them before your competitors the crowd will come to you first.—Shining Lines.

FISH TAKE A REST

ONE good result this war is having is the rest it is giving to the fish population of the seas. In peace time the resources of the sea are overtaxed, but now, with extensive mine-laying, fishing is much more difficult and catches will greatly diminish. The fish can now enjoy a period of quiet and recovery until peace-time fishing starts again. If the war lasts several years both the number of the fish and the average weight of the catch will greatly improve, as was the case after the last war.

Incidentally, very interesting experiments in regard to the feeding of sea fish have recently been carried out. For the first time it has been found possible to cultivate sea planktons—in-

finite vegetable and animal bodies which form the basis for all life in the sea.—Sel.

DISASTER CARS

"Disaster" cars in the United States deal with accidents, electrical breakdowns, certain kinds of mining disasters, fires, floods, storms and many other contingencies.

An American disaster car has a distinctive shape, is about the size of a cross-country motor 'bus and is painted white. It carries more than a thousand pieces of apparatus used in life-saving and rescue work, and is also equipped with radio transmitting apparatus, flood lights, battery lights and flares, lifting devices, cutting tools, gas masks,

life-line-guns, and everything required for saving life and property.

The department in charge of these vehicles claims that they have saved the United States millions of dollars a year. They thus more than pay for their upkeep.—Exchange.

You Share None of His Risk or Responsibility

EARLY in the 19th century parents and guardians sought, for the young man in whom they were interested, a good trade in which, if he were industrious, he might win his way to an approved position in society. Driven, too, by economic necessity in an era of large families and education for the few, they counted it fortunate if a boy's training and support might be insured over a term of years.

Many of these lads, between the ages of ten and thirteen years, were apprenticed to master printers. At that time the law required the execution of a legal document, in which was stated the obligations and duties of each to the other. It was executed and signed by the boy, his parent or guardian, and the master, and was properly witnessed.

If an apprentice did not benefit from such a paternalistic system, it was his own fault. That, at least, was the doctrine then preached. At the opening of the Apprentices' Library, in Albany, they were advised of their rights and obligations:

"The duty which you owe to your master is not an absolute, but a conditional duty. If your master perform his obligations to you, then you are bound by the letter and spirit of your Indentures, and by every tie of honour and gratitude, to be zealously faithful to him. Your master stands in room of your parent, and you owe him, therefore, filial, as well as covenant or conventional duty; and while on the one hand you ought not to be wronged by him with impunity; you ought not on the other hand, to be over-nice in exacting all that you may conceive due you at his hands.

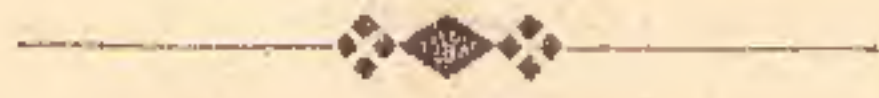
"Remember that while he learns nothing from you, you learn of him that art which is to support you through life; that he is bound to sustain you whilst learning it, in sickness as well as in health; remember, too, that while he shares your labour, you share none of his risk or responsibility."

We quote this from Milton W. Hamilton's *The Country Printer* and as we were reading that particular paragraph it came to our minds that considerable of this could still hold true. Read this over again and judge whether or not you agree with us.—Shining Lines.

"THE THINKER"

By L. E. EUBANKS

For the Messenger.



AS usual, the fellows turned to Guy Hamilton. They were sure he would know something about conducting a gymnasium class. Guy never had failed them and three-fourths of the lads attending Borton Grove School believed that he knew at least a little of everything. Country schools during the time of which I write were a long way behind the standards of today; the governing boards and the teachers believed that their duty was completely done if they taught the classes the usual subjects and gave them plenty of studying for home work. Athletics and physical culture were not as seriously considered as they are now.

But one of the boys, Cyril Holmes, had persuaded old man Gaynor to let the fellows use his vacant store-room for a gymnasium. "It'll do a lot for us," ventured Cyril; "at least give us stronger muscles and a better carriage."

"And we certainly need the better carriage," laughed Jeff Pearson. "Look around; there's enough material here to work on. See Skinny over there, looks like a rainbow with its ends trying to talk to each other."

"No use asking Hamilton about it," objected Arthur Hass. "What's the use running to him with everything? I've got an uncle who used to be a sprinter; he can show us all about what to do in a gym."

"He'd make a great teacher," remarked Pearson under his breath. "He's crosser and harder to get along with than Art—and that's saying a great deal."

* * *

NONE of the boys cared to quarrel with Hass, so they made no reply. Art was a big husky bully and did not hesitate to strike a schoolmate when vexed. Nevertheless, the crowd paid no attention to his suggestion, but hunted up Guy Hamilton.

"I'm afraid I don't know much about such things," answered Guy, a good-looking, keen-eyed and clean-built lad. "When we lived back East I saw a few big-city gyms, and once watched a calisthenics class at exercise. I'll get to work on it, fellows, I'll get a book on it. Bet your life we'll have a gymnasium!"

In two weeks the boys of Borton Grove School were getting under headway at several gymnasium games, and all were having a lot of wholesome fun. All but Arthur Hass, who refused to have anything to do with the project because he could not boss it, and two or three of his particular friends, gave Guy Hamilton credit for the success—Guy and the boy who had secured the room from Mr. Gaynor.

"That's what I like about Guy Hamilton," said Jeff Pearson; "he puts things through, and never brags. He'd do anything for a freind. Did I ever tell you how he helped that jealous numbskull Hass last summer?"

"No," answered Cyril Holmes, "let's hear it."

"Well, Hass thought he'd make himself popular, so he started in to keep the weeds from between the stones in the school-yard walk—you know, that back walk. Well, Hamilton and I were passing one day and saw him. Guy stopped and said to me: 'That's hard on a hoe—must keep him sharpening it all the time. No need of it.'"

* * *

"I KNEW he had a plan, for he always knows the best way of doing things. I went over with him. He told Hass how to kill out the weeds chemically, without dulling his hoe on the rocks. It worked beautifully; then Hass took all the credit for it—and Guy let him. That's his way."

"But he doesn't like Art, does he? I don't see how he can, after the many unfair things Hass has tried to do to him."

"I don't suppose he does really," replied Jeff, who knew Guy better than any of the other boys; "but he's always ready to do anybody a good turn. You know, his folks are rich, but he's never been stuck up. That's one of the sore spots between the Hamiltons and the Hasses. You see, their lands join, and Guy's father has made a fortune out of his, while Mr. Hass has never succeeded. The Hass ground won't drain right, somehow."

"Of course that isn't Mr. Hass' fault," commented Cyril.

"No; but what do you think? Guy has a big stack of books, booklets and bulletins on geology and such stuff, and is trying to study out a drainage idea for Hass!"

Arthur Hass was of an envious disposition. In his heart he knew that he had no real reason to dislike Guy Hamilton; it was simply jealousy. The more he brooded over Guy's constantly growing popularity and contrasted it with his own position among the fellows, the more he longed to humiliate the lad whom he chose to consider as an enemy. Young Hass was a bright student, and particularly good in poetic composition and drawing. By the use of one or the other of these, he hoped to embarrass Guy.

So he watched for a subject upon which to base a comical poem, something that would hold Hamilton up to criticism and fun-making. In reading aloud to the pupils the teacher had frequently chosen famous poems, so all the fellows were more or less interested in each other's efforts to write verse. Hass called his poem "The Man Who Does Everything", and circulated a number of copies.

* * *

BUT Hass was playing with a boomerang, as we might say. One of the copies got into the teacher's hands, and she asked for corrections of it. As it turned out, Guy was the only one in the class who could reconstruct the poem and improve it. He took the whole thing good-naturedly and was liked better than ever, while Hass sank a little lower in the opinion of his schoolmates.

But the envious lad persisted. He seemed unable to realize that he was hurting himself. He watched for another chance.

Guy had been made captain of the football team, and both games played during October were won by his headwork. This, on top of so many things he had done for the school, coupled with his remarkable class standings, caused some one to nickname him "The Thinker." Immediately all the fellows approved the name, and Hass thought he saw his chance to distinguish himself.

During recess he remained inside and drew on the blackboard a picture of the famous statue, "The Thinker", placing beneath it the name of Guy Hamilton.

Naturally, when the pupils came in the drawing attracted much attention. The teacher smiled and asked, "What do you think of yourself, Guy?"

"I look serious enough for anything," laughed Guy; "but the pose is not quite correct. May I alter it?"

With permission, Hamilton went to the board, made the necessary correction, and wrote the artist's name.

Again the laugh was on Hass, and he now found his anger uncontrollable. He made certain plans that, had he only known it, were to bring about surprising results.

* * *

ONE evening a week later, just as Guy was about to go to bed, Harry Fenwicke, one of Hass's friends, knocked.

"There's a fellow hurt half a mile up the road. Will you come and help, me get him home?"

"Sure," responded "The Thinker."

They had gone only a short distance when three other boys, one of whom

(Please turn to Page 16.)

Birds in My Garden

By VIOLET GATES.

COME spend an hour or two with me in the garden and see my birds. They are just the common everyday songsters, but they make the springtime sweet with melody.

The robin's nest is under the porch before the front door. She builds there every year, raising two broods. We pass in and out of the house so carefully, lest we disturb the brooding mother. A little later she will bring her speckled-breasted youngsters to the side porch to peck the scraps set out for them.

I have homemade wren boxes in every available place. The wren is very tiny, and the opening of the box should not be more than an inch in diameter or the English sparrow or the red squirrel will molest her. When Jimmy wren arrives in May he warbles very happily over his ready-made house. If Jenny approves when she comes a few days later she will immediately begin to fill it with short twigs which she puts in the hole endways. Supposing Jenny is a scold, worrying the cat and chasing the squirrel, and annoys the robin and oriole with her noise, interesting things happen around the wren boxes. One day an impudent stranger tried to steal Jimmy's mate. A duel followed that became so exciting that I let the dinner burn while I watched the outcome. Jimmy, of course, was the winner. But he became fickle and presently grew tired of his mate, bedraggled and irritable with housekeeping duties, and chose him another, slim young bird. They began housekeeping in an empty box before the first brood were ready to fly.

* * *

MAYTIME brings many other birds; the oriole, flashing orange as he searches for insects among the snowy blossoms; the yellow warbler; the Maryland yellowthroat. Less conspicuous is the warbling vireo, who gathers bits of white paper and weaves them dexterously into his nest, swung like a hammock between two limber twigs in the apple tree; and the slate-grey catbird, whose mewing cry deceives one into looking for a stray kitten.

The jewel-like, ruby-throated hummingbird can be attracted by the spicy nectar of clove pinks, spikes of delphinium, honeysuckle and flowering currant. After the hummer's spectacular courtship, buzzing back and forth as a show-off before his emerald-green mate, it is surprising to find he leaves her to tend and train the family twins alone. The lady hummer often brings her tiny young and feeds them from my flowers.

The crested flycatcher is another frequent visitor in the garden. He makes

the clothesline the home-base for his wild dash after a fly. Did he get it? Yes, and finished with a somersault. The chipping sparrow nests in the Virginia creeper. "Chippy" doesn't like a cat. When one comes near her nest she will call me by her distressed "Chip, chip," to drive it away. I had not looked into "Chippy's" nest, though I knew where it was. Afterwards I wished I

WELCOME TO THE BIRDS

RENA STOTENBURGH TRAVAIS

Welcome back to lawn and park,
Robin, blackbird and meadowlark,
Let my garden be your goal,
Warbler, sparrow, oriole,
Seek your trellis nest again,
Titmouse, pipit, chat and wren,
Sing your song at break of day.
Yellowhammer, bunting, jay,
Swing where cherry blossoms drift.
Catbird, grosbeak, flicker, swift,
Send your song across the dale,
Linnet, woodthrush, nightingale.

Welcome back, the sun is bright.
Skylark, skimmer, swallow, kite,
You were not by miles deterred,
Sora, skua, hummingbird.
At no visitor I balk,
Jaeger, wryneck, wheatear, hawk,
Now the time for song is ripe,
Stonechat, woodpecker and snipe,
Come to houses I have built,
Flycatcher and finch and stilt.

—Our Dumb Animals.

had when I saw little "Chippy" in the garden feeding a big, ungainly cowbird twice her size. The cowbird lays her egg in the nest of a smaller bird to be hatched.

* * *

IT had found the nest of the song sparrow as well. I had accidentally discovered the nest under the strawberry vines, though Mr. Sparrow told me plainly that it was near when he continually sang his octave from the fence post. The cowbird had been sneaking and rifled the nest, breaking all the eggs. The song sparrows soon had another nest ready, rather near the ground, in the Virginia creeper. When the eggs were due to hatch an enemy again tore down the nest. Was it a cat this time? or a small boy? Quite undaunted, the birds built again in the raspberry patch and successfully raised their brood.

That bold robber, the starling, did

not appeal to me as interesting enough for study until a mother starling met with an accident, and her mate diligently and conscientiously fed the nestlings. But when I saw him deliberately and repeatedly cut off the tops of my tomato plants, I retaliated and blocked the hole in the barn wall and no other starlings nested there. Starlings stay all winter. I have watched them on a cold day sitting on the edge of the furnace chimney of the house opposite warming themselves. They sat on the side away from the smoke; when one lot was warmed others came. Yet late in November they bathe in the ice-cold water of the bird-bath, and one morning even tried to break the ice.

The starling is an enemy of the big flicker or golden-winged wood-pecker, stealing its natural nesting places, holes in the trees, even when the flicker has drilled them himself.

* * *

ONE of my most attractive birds is the happy little gold finch who comes undulating and bounding through the air calling "Co-chick-o-ree! Co-chick-o-ree!" Sunflowers, self-seeded in a corner of the garden provide delectable feasts for them. The young ones cling to ripe sunflower heads waiting to be fed, plaintively crying, "It's sweet! It's sweet!" I planted cornflower purposely that gold finches might feed on the seeds.

The English sparrow will usurp other birds' nests if one is not vigilant. It is only by protecting the swallows from them that we have a dozen pairs of swallows about the barn. If there has been no rain, throw water on the garden when robins and swallows are building. You will find both there gathering mud for plaster.

To enjoy birds as permanent residents about your home and garden there must be plenty of shrubbery and other nesting places. Don't be too careful about removing all dead grass and rubbish in the spring for the birds build only where there is plenty of nesting material and drinking water. If the drinking vessel must be near the ground, place it where a cat cannot hide in ambush. A rain barrel outside the summer kitchen window proved an attraction. I noticed the birds often came to the edge of it but were unable to get a drink. A board placed across the top and a squat salmon-tin of water with some scattered crumbs were enough. Every day birds came for a drink, pecked a few crumbs and were gone, robins, chipping sparrows, song sparrows, white-throat and white-crowned sparrows, wrens, gold finches and others.

Jonathan, the Prince

THE mediaeval orders of chivalry involved the keeping of three vows—of loyalty, courtesy, and munificence.

Loyalty meant, in simple terms, keeping one's promises.

Courtesy implied an attempt to understand the other man's point of view and to respect it.

Munificence was descriptive of generosity of spirit.

The young Hebrew prince, Jonathan, anticipated all these qualities, and he has often been called the most chivalrous figure in the Old Testament.

While one must recognize certain primitive ideas which he shared with his contemporaries, one must admit that he reached a standard of life far beyond that of the men around him. There was a tenderness and a self-forgetfulness in his whole attitude which was in sharp contrast to the general outlook and behavior of the men of those rude and primitive times. In some ways he seems to attain the knightly standards of a Sir Galahad, and at times he is even prophetic of the Christianity which Christ taught.

"To right the wrong, to rejoice in another's success, to attempt the impossible with God, and to be loyal to the high claims of human love"—these are ideals men might well strive to reach today, but they were the ideals in Jonathan's heart long ago, when mankind was in its infancy and questions of conduct were often settled by ordeal by battle or by the casting of lots.

PRINCE CHARMING

THE fairy-tales and folk-lore of the world recount the exploits of many a Prince Charming, but the emphasis is often on externals.

In the story of Jonathan we discover not only a skilful archer, lithe of limb and quick of eye like the gazelle whose name he bore, but one whose high-mettled courage never led him into selfish or thoughtless adventure. He was conscious of his people's bondage and he consecrated himself to the task of setting them free. Prince Charming was the Deliverer.

It is impossible to estimate his character without remembering his classic friendship with David. The literatures of the world have found no nobler example of friendship at its highest.

In the first stages of the conflict with the Philistines Jonathan spent himself ungrudgingly, without counting the cost or seeking reward, and when David became the central figure, Prince Charming had the grace to rejoice. There was no envy, no self-seeking in his soul.

He was content to have done his best

to right a wrong and to set his people free.

The Philistines were in nominal occupation of the land when Saul raised a small force of three thousand men to throw off the yoke.

Jonathan, in command of a third of the little army, struck the first blow. In 1 Samuel 13:3, the word translated garrison is doubtful. The meaning may be that the young prince surprised and defeated a guard-post or overthrew a sacred "pillar" raised by the Philistines. Whichever translation be taken, the general sense is unaltered. The Philistines were enraged and immediately crossed the frontiers with a large army of horsemen and chariots. The population fled, terrified, and sought refuge from the avenging host.

THE POWER OF HIS FAITH

RESISTANCE seemed absurd. Saul's three thousand men had shrunk to six hundred. The Philistines faced them on the father side of a ravine at Michmash. The Israelites were ridiculously few in number, and desperately afraid. Then suddenly an amazing episode changed the whole situation.

Jonathan, with his young armor-bearer, began to climb the crags on which the enemy were established. Through the early morning mists he hailed them.

The Philistines jeered: "Behold, the Hebrews are coming out of their caves." Jonathan heard their taunts, and counted their sarcastic invitation as a sign from God. He called to his armor-bearer to follow.

Surely it was madness to attempt so unequal a fight—but the youth did not hesitate. He was following a leader whose trust was in unseen resources. Had he not said, "It may be that the Lord will work for us: for there is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few"?

"Jonathan's faith was of the kind that clothes itself with omnipotence." Fearlessly the two climbed up and attacked.

In the mists on the summit the Phil-

istines were confused. Grim figures moved uncertainly against each other. Panic set in and the fighters fled to the valley. As they passed, a disorderly rabble, through the villages the tribesmen of Israel found their courage again and turned the retreat into a rout. For the moment the land was delivered and the invader put to flight.

SHADOW OR SUBSTANCE?

THE young prince and his man-at-arms were wearied. Their faith had been honored, and they rested. Meanwhile Saul, having harried the Philistine rear-guard and completed the rout, desired to ensure the presence of Jehovah in their midst. A taboo was placed on food till darkness fell. Jonathan, not having heard of the order to fast, ate wild honey in the woods.

Presently the people, faint and weary after their swift pursuit, seized the booty of sheep and cattle and prepared to feast. Ravenously hungry, they slew the beasts without ceremonial observance, and ate greedily.

Saul reproved them and bade them bring the remaining cattle to be slaughtered according to the law. At night he would have resumed the battle, but the priest insisted that they should wait for the "counsel of God."

There was no clear answer, and Saul presumed someone had sinned. After
(Continued on Page 11.)



A STRONG STORY OF GRIM DAYS

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.
We cannot pay for Poems.

MAY 10, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : Offer to the Lord an offering of righteousness.—Mal. 3:3.

Mon. : They shall not offer wine offerings to the Lord.—Hos. 9:4.

Tus. : He shall separate himself from wine and strong drink.—Num. 6:3.

Wed. : Their wine is the poison of dragons.—Deut. 32:33.

Thu. : Put away thy wine from thee.—1 Sam. 1:14.

Fri. : Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging.—Prov. 20:1.

Sun. : Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? they that tarry long at the wine.—Prov. 23:29, 30.

Learn to say "No" and it will be of more use to you than the ability to read Latin.—Spurgeon.

Lord, Thy will be done in father, mother, child, in everything and everywhere; without a reserve, without a BUT, an IF, or a limit.

If religion means anything, it must mean absolute truthfulness.—James Hinton.

"The essential things of religion, can never change. There is still for every man the choice of two paths, and 'conversion' in its plain, evangelical sense, is still the greatest fact in any life."—Tweedsmuir.

Mother's Day

"What can a mother give her children Greater today than this one great thing—

* * *

"Shining faith in the young lad, Jesus; Lover of high white things was He; Jesus, straight as a Lebanon cedar, Jesus, clean as the winds from the sea.

"Faith in the young lad come to manhood;

Jesus, compassionate, tender and true— Oh, my children, what more glorious Gift in the world can I give to you?

"What can a mother give her children More than a faith that will not dim? Take it, my dear ones—hold it forever, A lamp for a lifetime—faith in Him."

—G. N. Crowell.

"For all my saints who by their labors live

As lenses, letting God Himself shine through,

My humble, simple, hearty thanks I give,

That God is shown to even me, by you."

—N. B. Nash, D.D.

Truth

Truly I see that he that will but stand to the truth, it will carry him out.—George Fox.

Refusing to Share

THE great causes of God and humanity are not defeated by the hot assaults of the devil but by the slow, crushing, glacier-like mass of thousands of indifferent nobodies. God's causes are never destroyed by being blown up but by being sat upon.

It is not the violent and anarchical whom we have to fear in the war for human progress, but the slow, the staid, the respectable: and the danger of these lies in their real skepticism. Though it would abhor articulately confessing that God does nothing, it virtually means so by refusing to share manifest opportunities for serving Him.—George Adam Smith.

There is no discipleship without self-denial.

* * *

Daily prayer lessens daily care.

O Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend:
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

Controlled Power

A FRIEND once invited me to visit a large paper mill, situated near to my church in Scotland. We were greatly interested in the various processes of paper-making. We saw the pulp being fed into one end of a huge many-cylindere machine that filled one of the largest rooms in the building. And we saw the paper emerge at the other end.

Then we were taken to see the dynamo that supplied the power to work all the machinery in the mill. It afforded me an illustration of controlled power. This machine despite the high number of revolutions each minute, was so perfectly adjusted that vibration was almost completely absent.

One could set a penny on its edge on a ledge of that machine, and if left undisturbed we were told it would remain in that same position for weeks on end. Boundless energy, and yet, perfect rest!

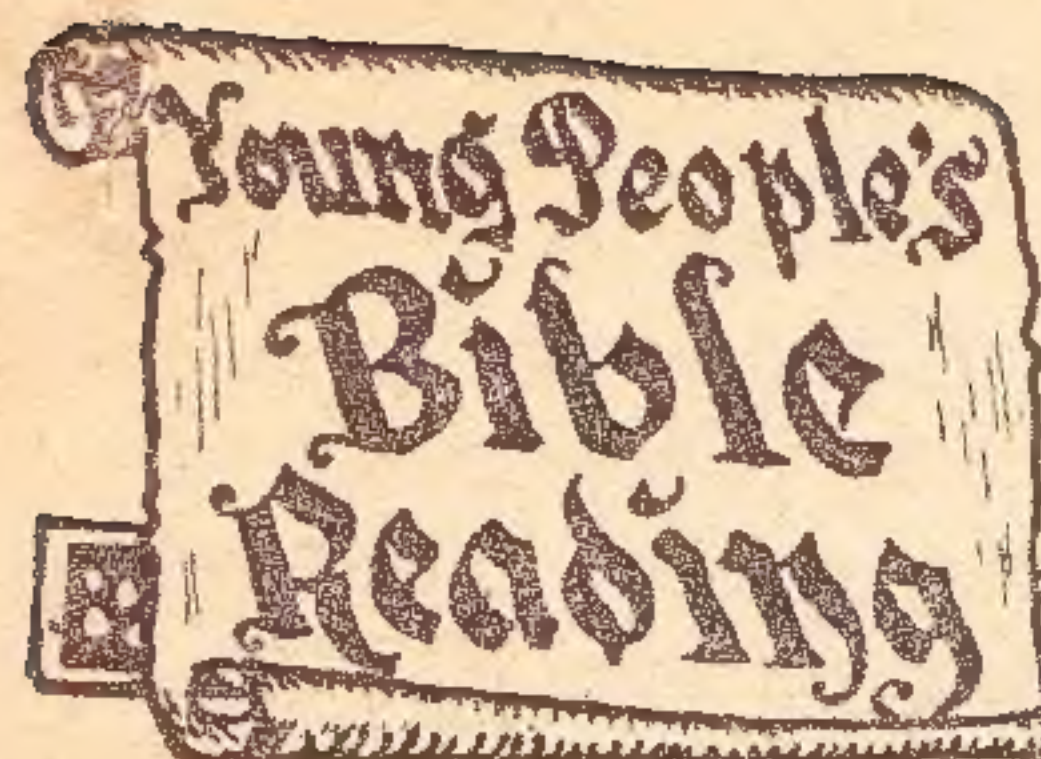
That is the rest Jesus offers. He will not relieve us of the necessity to fulfil life's duties, but he does offer to us the spirit that will enable us to sustain them, and this is our deeper need.—Dr. Short.

"Our task here in time is to live by the eternal truth and victory of God revealed in Christ our Lord and on that we must take our stand without compromise."

Rabindranath Tagore, the famous poet of India, writes in a letter to Gilbert Murray, published in *World Peace*, "I am in complete agreement with you in believing that at no other period of history has mankind as a whole been more alive to the need of human co-operation, more conscious of the inevitable and inescapable moral links which hold together the fabric of human civilization."

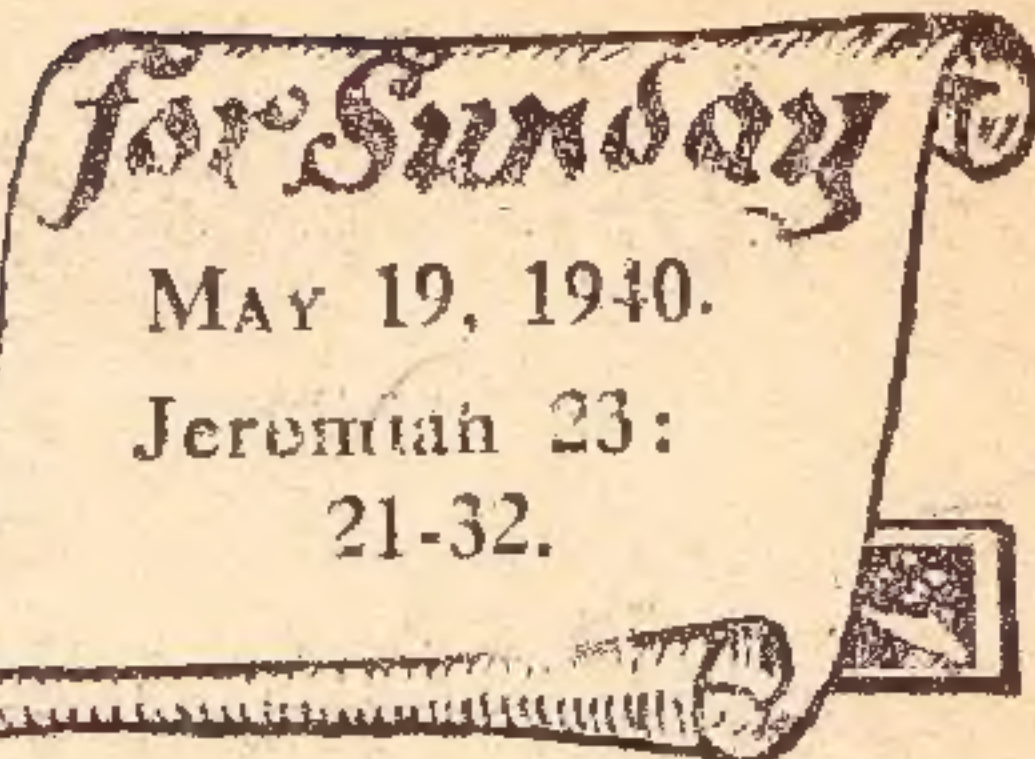
A Prayer

MY GOD, I know it is only as I become very sure of Thee that I shall be free from fear. Therefore I pray Thee make Thyself very real to me. Quiet this troubled heart within me, still the tumult of my own anxious thoughts and careful reasonings, help me to dwell deep within, where the strife of contending tongues cannot come. And there, in quietness, teach me to listen for Thy voice. Let me hear it so plainly that when I go back to the world I may not forget the things Thou hast said to me, or lose the peace which Thou hast given. Amen.—Selected.



Jeremiah—Brave and Gentle

by BERGMAN



THE Book of Jeremiah, except for a few selections, is not as widely read as some other Old Testament Scriptures. As it is printed in our Bibles it looks "solid" and difficult. But it is a great book. Reading it one not only recognizes its religious value but is conscious of a warm human heart beating through many passages whose drift is only imperfectly understood.

Jeremiah is one of the most attractive characters in the Bible. We shall find his book much more interesting if we know a little about him and about the conditions under which he did his work.

Jeremiah was of priestly family, living in Anathoth, a little town three or four miles north of Jerusalem. He was born about 650 B.C. toward the end of the reign of Manasseh, the bad and reactionary king of Judah. (2 Kings 21:1-17)

In the 13th year of good King Josiah, when Jeremiah was still in his early twenties, he became conscious that God had chosen him to be "a prophet unto the nations." Jeremiah hadn't sought this work. He was a quiet man and felt that he was altogether unfitted for such a task. See how God spoke to his heart. (Jer. 1:7-10; 17-19.)

Another word of encouragement came to him in an odd way. Walking in the fields one Spring day his eye rested on an almond tree. (Jer. 1:11, 12) The Hebrew word for "almond" is *shaked*. The word for "watch" or "wake" is *shoked*. He thought how God had "watched" over the tree and "wakened" it to new life. He felt that He must trust in God and be patient and brave, knowing that though there might be a long winter when the nation's heart seemed dead and frozen God would surely bring the Spring.

"DARE TO STAND ALONE"

IT must have encouraged Jeremiah greatly when King Josiah's men found the "Book of the Law" (probably our Book of Deuteronomy) in the Temple. (2 Kings 22:3-23:14) Most likely Jeremiah was appointed one of the king's mission-preachers to go through the country and, when the "high places" were put down, to teach the people the better way of worship. (Jer. 11:1-8)

Among the towns which Jeremiah was commissioned to visit was his home town, Anathoth. There a plot had been laid against his life and he almost walked into the trap. (11:18-23)

Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves are triumph and defeat.

—Longfellow.

* * *

The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
For that were stupid and irrational;
But he whose noble soul its fear subdues
And bravely dares the danger
Nature shrinks from.

Joanna Baillie.

* * *

If religion means anything, it must mean absolute truthfulness. — James Hinton.

Most likely the worship of the people of Anathoth had for long centred round one of the semi-pagan "high places" which the king was stamping out and Jeremiah's fellow townsmen, including his own relatives, considered him as the agent of a heretic king.

Perhaps it was at this time that Jeremiah found what a hard thing it was to be a prophet. He was just the man who would have found happiness in a home of his own with wife and children. Perhaps there is a hidden love story here. But Jeremiah felt that he

could not ask a woman to share his life of poverty and danger or to have boys and girls who would have to endure the troubles that were coming on his land. So he made this renunciation feeling that it was God's will. (16:1-4)

As we saw last week, King Josiah was killed in battle. His loss was a sad blow to the loyal worshippers of God in Judah. People would say that he had been punished for removing their "high places". Jeremiah and other preachers of the reformed religion would lose prestige.

Josiah was followed by four weak or wicked kings. (2 Kings 23:31-30) There was a general decline in public and private morality. Jeremiah saw that Josiah's reform had not gone deep enough. People might worship in the temple and still live evil and selfish lives.

The temple courts were evidently a sort of forum to which teachers and preachers resorted. One day Jeremiah went there and publicly warned the people as to the course they were pursuing. We have two reports of this incident, one probably by Jeremiah himself and the other by his friend Baruch. (7:1-8:3 and 26:1-19)

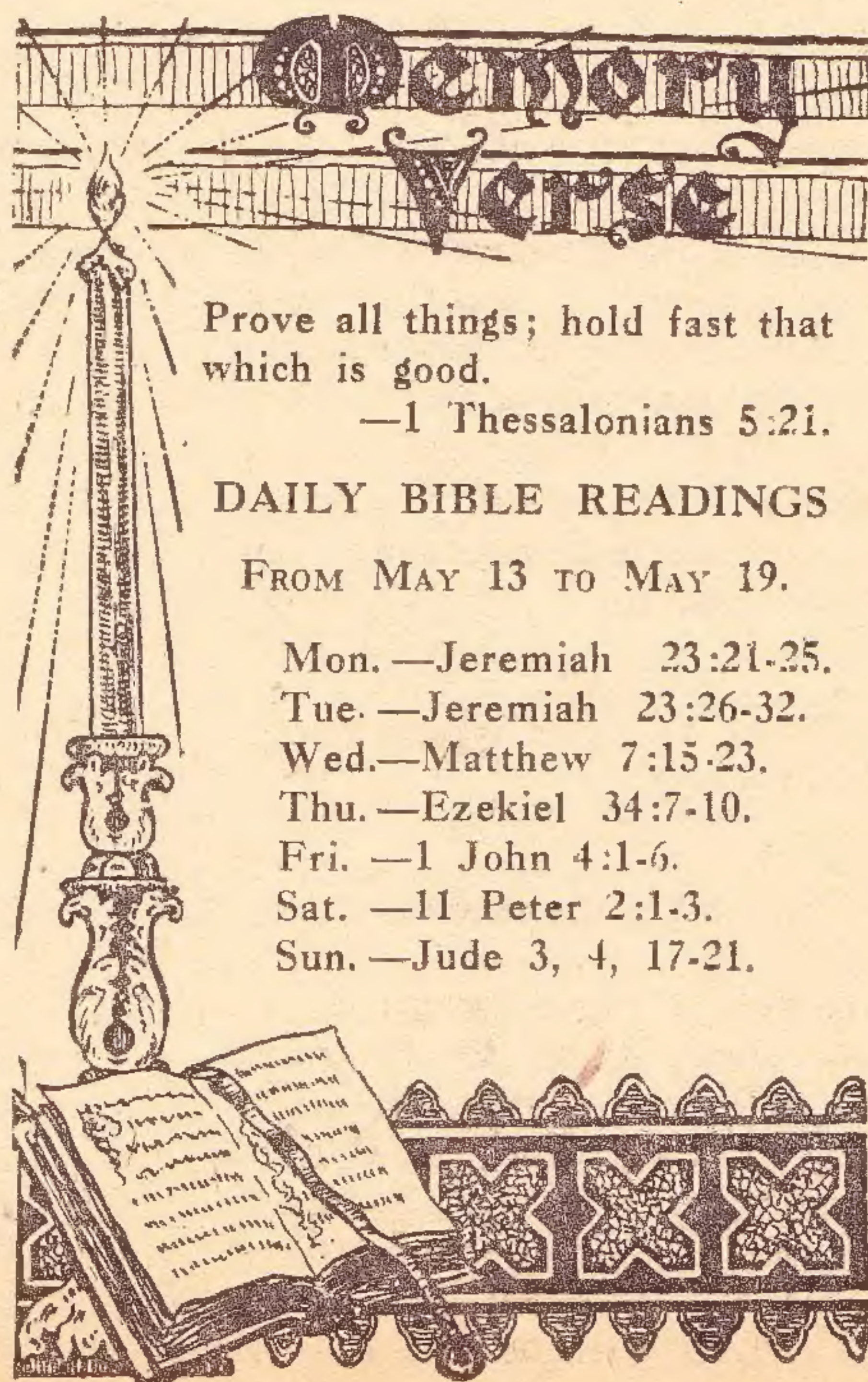
Priests, people and even prophets set on him as a heretic, a traitor and an alarmist. They would have killed him but for some of the princes and other leaders who gained the support of the people and saved him from the "religious" leaders.

Jeremiah was a statesman. He saw the rising power of Chaldea and recognized it as the instrument which the Lord was preparing to chastise His people. Over a long period of years in public addresses, in private warnings and by acted parables, he strove to awaken the nation to a sense of its danger. The people gave him little heed.

Sometimes in the bitterness of despair he was tempted to give up. The Lord strengthened him by the word that there was still harder work ahead of him! (12:5)

Forbidden to speak in public, Jeremiah wrote his message and gave it to Baruch to read to the people who came in from the country on a great fast day. The scroll was brought to the king, who cut it to pieces and burned it. Jeremiah dictated it over again to Baruch, "and added besides many like words." (36:1-32) So we have much of our "Book of Jeremiah" today.

(Continued on Page 8.)



Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.

—1 Thessalonians 5:21.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

FROM MAY 13 TO MAY 19.

Mon.—Jeremiah 23:21-25.

Tue.—Jeremiah 23:26-32.

Wed.—Matthew 7:15-23.

Thu.—Ezekiel 34:7-10.

Fri.—1 John 4:1-6.

Sat.—11 Peter 2:1-3.

Sun.—Jude 3, 4, 17-21.

COURAGE

Dear Lord, look on this troubled world
And keep our trust still strong in Thee,
Though flags of war may be unfurled,
And dark and drear the clouds may be,
May Britons still uphold the right,
And take fresh courage in Thy might.

Like little children in the night
Who stretch out hands in helpless fear,
Yet all their dreams are put to flight
When they can feel their Father near,—
O Father, ever with us stay
And drive our doubts and fears away.
—Anna Learmonth.

We recall the statement made by Lord Roberts: "If you will only give me a teetotal army, I will take them anywhere and do anything with them." Similarly "Bobs" believed the increased sobriety of the Indian Army represented an addition amounting to two battalions to its strength.

The leopard is one of the large cat-family, and is one of the most ferocious of them all—as fierce as the tiger, in fact, and almost as large.

The black leopard is more to be feared than the spotted leopard, although they are both beasts of prey, and the former has often been known to attack oxen and horses, and even men. The black leopard is much more rare than the spotted variety, and his beautiful coat is very much prized by hunters.

THE TRANSFORMATION

A CLERGYMAN met a lady whose sad appearance worried him. She looked as if she were always in pain, her cheeks were grey and hollow, and she spoke in low, depressed tones and never smiled.

Some years afterwards he encountered this lady again, but so bright, fresh and youthful, that he asked her if she were really Mrs. B., or only somebody rather like her.

"Is it possible that you are the Mrs. B. who looked so doleful several years back?" said he.

"The very same!" she said.

"Tell me why you have so changed. How did you grow so young and merry?"

"A very simple remedy!" returned she, with a beaming face. "I stopped worry and began to laugh."

"I know who feeds the sparrow,
And robin, red and gay;
I know who makes the skylark
Soar up to greet the day.

And me much more He cares for,
And feeds with daily bread,
Whom He has taught to love Him,
And trust what He has said." —Ex.

JEREMIAH

(From P. 7.)

TRUE AND FALSE PROPHETS

MANY priests and prophets gained wealth and popularity by their easy assurance that no harm could come to the people of Judah because they were "God's people." "They cried Peace, when there was no peace." (6:14; 8:11) Jeremiah was called to oppose them.

He knew that God could not protect a nation if it was set on evil doing. He finally realized that only through the discipline of punishment could it be brought back to God.

Jeremiah would gladly have preached "peace" but he could not. He hated religious phrases when they were used to drug the people into a false security. (7:4-11)

In our special passage today (23:21-32) Jeremiah says that the popular prophets do not run at God's command.

If they had stood in my council.—If they had really been prophets of God they would have tried to turn the people from their evil way.

"The true message from Jehovah instead of easing the conscience, ever sets before the people a high ideal of living, thereby laying bare, by contrast their own imperfections. It is a flame which burns out the dross, rather than a veil which covers up their guilt." (Sanders and Kent)

Am I a God at hand?—God is not a localized deity. He is everywhere present. These men cannot deceive Him as they do the people.

They prophesy lies in My name.—They dare to misrepresent the character and purposes of God.

I have dreamed.—"By repeating this formula they caught the ear of the crowd." (Dummelow)

The professional prophets tell their dreams to their neighbors and by this pretended revelation misrepresent God's true character. They are as bad as the false prophets of an earlier day who led their hearers to think of the God of Israel as no better than one of the Baals of the land who cared nothing about character as long as sacrifices were offered.

Let him tell the dream if he will.—"But let the dream and the word of God be sharply distinguished, for the straw has nothing to do with the wheat, the worthless stubble with the Bread of Life; they must not be blended together." (Peake)

"God's word contains nourishment and life. Other words are but as straw." (Dummelow)

"Is not my word like fire . . . and like a hammer?"—"If it be asked, How are we to know what is the genuine word of God? the answer is that we may know it by its effects. It burns with consuming energy, it smashes like a forge-hammer the stubborn rocks. . . Thus we meet once again with the con-

ception of the prophetic word as endowed with God's living energy and securing its own fulfilment." (Peake)

That steal my words.—The false prophets stole the phrases of the true. They merely "used their tongues" with no conviction behind their words. They pretended they spoke for God, profanely using the formula "He saith." They led the people astray by their "lightness", that is by their "vain boasting." (R.V.)

Another religious phrase used by false teachers was "the burden of the Lord." This phrase once had a deep meaning, but it meant nothing in the mouths of these false prophets. The people also made a joke of the phrase, referring to the demands of the real prophets as "burdensome." Jeremiah (vv. 33-40) sternly calls for the suppression of the phrase altogether. He says that prophets and priests and those who follow them have become a "burden" to the Lord and that He will cast them off. Then they will find their own idle words a "burden" indeed.

"PROVE—HOLD FAST"

HOW were the people of Judah to decide between the false prophets and the true? Jeremiah himself had been warned to take "the precious from the vile" or "common." (15:19)

Our memory verse says: "Prove (test) all things; hold fast that which is good." St. John says the same thing. (1 John 4:1) The word "try", "prove" is that used in testing metals.

How shall we do this at a time when so many diverse voices are demanding our allegiance?

Let us live close to God and goodness so that our hearts may instinctively respond to what is worthy and honorable. St. Paul in Phil. 4:8 gives us a clue as to how we may do this.

Our Lord ever directed people to their own highest sense of what is right and wrong, "What think ye?" "How readeest thou?" "What man of you?" Our conscience enlightened by God will help us to distinguish between the truth and its counterfeit.

"Test all things." Let us close our hearts and minds against anything that would draw us downward. Let us open them to everything that helps us to a nobler, purer, braver, truer, kinder life, for that is a message from God.

QUESTIONS

1. What did Jeremiah tell the people?
2. What did the false prophets tell them?
3. "If they had stood in my council etc". What does this mean?
4. Why did the false prophets say "I have dreamed"?
5. "What is the straw to the wheat?" What does this mean?
6. "Is not my word like fire . . . like a hammer?" What does this mean?
7. "Prove all things—". Complete the sentence.

(For Answers, see Page 12.)

The Mother of a Statesman

We reproduce from "The Times" of November 2, 1936, the moving and beautiful tribute written by Sir John Simon on the occasion of his mother's death.

SHE was the youngest of a large family of brothers and sisters, whose home was at Chadwick Manor, on the edge of the Lickey Hills — an old house then in the depths of the country, and since then presented, I believe, by Mr. Cadbury to the city of Birmingham. Her father, William Pole Allsebrook, was born so long ago as 1793, and himself lived into his ninety-second year.

Fanny Allsebrook must have been a delightful child, showing all those qualities of gaiety and courage which were hers to the very end. As a very old lady in these years she used to keep a ring of great-grandchildren spellbound while she told them how, upon a time she really did run away to the gipsies and share their rabbit-stew—rabbits probably snared in her father's fields; how, at last, she made a stubborn old pony jump the mill-stream, and how her big brothers rose from their place of hiding to acclaim the feat; and, again, how she and her little brother Harry crept out of their beds one night in order to run races over the moonlit floor of an attic, where rows of fresh-made cheeses had been set out to dry and harden—alas! one cheese, used as a stepping stone, was still soft, and the footprint it received led to discovery and condign punishment.

Like so many active-minded and whimsical girls, she was everlastingly writing stories — a habit she kept up in after-years for her children and grandchildren. But she could not draw, and illustrations were, therefore, a difficulty. She surmounted the obstacle with a charming originality. A frontispiece consisting of nothing but a conventional square house with a door, windows, and smoking chimney carries the inscription in printed capitals:—"Inside this house there is a man beating his wife with a poker."

* * *

IN her early twenties one of her brothers, who was training for his Congregational ministry at a Birmingham college, brought home with him a young Welsh theological student hailing from a remote farm-house in Pembrokeshire. They fell in love, and when

soon after, Edwin Simon got his first charge in the Hulme district of Manchester, they were married in the little chapel at Rubery.

To the end of her days she used to dwell, with the flush of a bride still on her cheek, on the details of this village wedding. It was her husband's birthday, and she chose the day because she considered that the anniversary had never been properly honored down in Wales. There are many happy marriages, thank goodness, and this union of nearly 50 years was certainly one of them. The young couple were both of them country born and country bred, and there is not much *rus in urbe* in Hulme. But they entered on their task with zest and incomparable devotion. It was before the days of organized clubs for working boys or mill girls, but they gathered round them all sorts and conditions of young people—clerks in the Manchester warehouses, who had often themselves come from a country home, apprentices to dress-making, servant girls, no less than the daughters of neighbours, and gave them a glimpse of the life beautiful which some still living will always treasure. She knew her English literature, and there was high debate on Carlyle and Emerson. She read aloud exquisitely from the poets — the early Tennyson and Jean Ingelow best of all. There never was a Sunday evening

when some lonely young man did not find himself invited to supper at the little house in Moss Side, and to one small boy she made the home in that rather grimy suburb a palace of enchantment. It seemed so easy to be good when good people could be so delightful and amusing.

* * *

AFTER twelve years of the rigours of the North Country her health could stand it no longer, and there followed twenty years more in the milder climate of Bath. She filled to perfection the difficult role of "the minister's wife", with the endless round of visiting and condoling, with sewing parties and missionary teas. And the wonderful thing was that, notwithstanding her fine sense of values and her sensitive judgment, no one ever left her presence without feeling the better for her bright smile and vivid sympathy. Her praise was worth having, for she only gave it when she meant it. She once considerably astonished an earnest band of church workers by declaring how she detested bazaars as a means of raising money.

* * *

IN 1902 her husband gave up his regular work as a Congregational pastor, and then began the happiest of all the periods in her long life. Once again she lived in the country, first near Mells in Somerset, and afterwards near Broadway. There were grandchildren to take care of, grandchildren who had lost their mother. And while her husband was enjoying his fish-ponds and his golf she lived with him through an Indian summer of serenity which lasted for eighteen years more. They had always longed to travel, and now they did so. The first sight of Swiss snow, the distant outline of the Rockies—she never lost her girlish ecstasy over each fresh experience. New friends as well as old gathered round, and increasing age made no difference to the bright flame of interest and sympathy which was reflected in her beautiful face.

Certain it is that all who had the fortune to know her well felt that her friendship was a perpetual benison, and no description can convey to strangers the flawless impression of fullness of life and sweetness of spirit that she spread around her. In these latest years of peaceful old age she spoke seldom of her husband, but he was always in her thoughts. She was not one to make a mope of sorrow; the beauty of holiness mingled easily with her sense of fun.

God's Mind

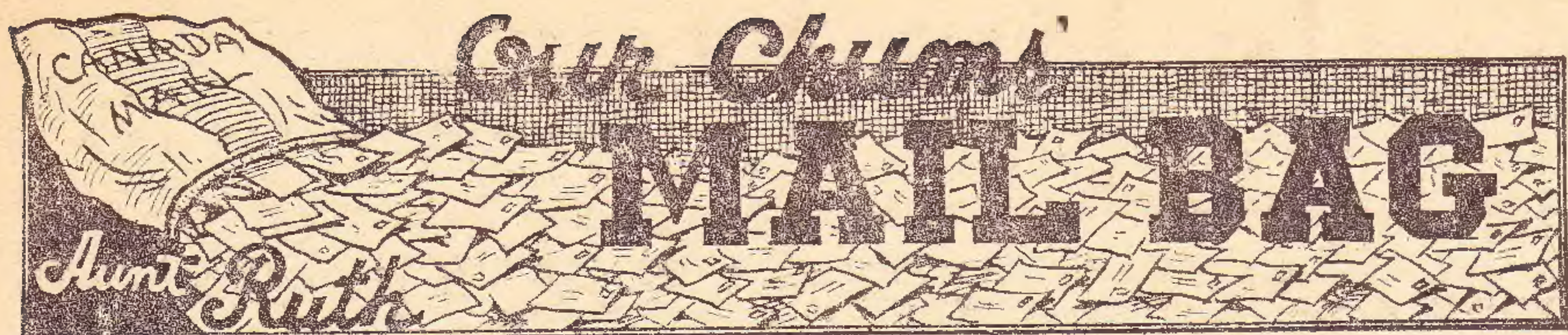
I turned to God for new ideas,
And then there came to me
From out the storehouse of His
mind
Thoughts, rich, abundant, free.

I had with doubting groped
before
But now I knew the way;
Rejoicing I perceived and found.
Faith will all fears allay.

And everyone may turn to Him
And find each need supplied,
He is the Giver and the Gift,
Companion, Friend and Guide.

The wisdom that He gives is sure
And all who seek shall find
The way made plain, He promises
That we may share His Mind.

—D. A. Leitner in "Sharing"



DEAR CHUMS,—

This Sunday, May 12th, being Mother's Day, I want to say just a word to you about it. I think of Mother's Day in a new way this spring. Since Canada has been at war all our hearts have turned toward the mothers who are giving their best and dearest to the service of their country. The brave, cheerful, unselfish mothers who send their sons to serve the Empire on the battle fronts are every bit as great heroines as people who can go to the front themselves. They say goodbye smiling, they write bright encouraging letters, they send packages of "goodies" and many little home comforts to add brightness to the soldiers' lives of hard work and discipline. Many mothers are an inspiration to their sons. But we must remember that it isn't easy to be always cheerful and encouraging. It isn't easy to keep from worrying, to be calm and natural and go on doing your daily work and seeing people and looking after the rest of the family the way mothers do. It takes courage and strength. And that is where you chums can help your mothers and the mothers of your friends. Be thoughtful and helpful and if they seem to get impatient, stop and think before you complain. And, above all, pray for them, because it's only God Who can give the kind of courage that they need—and we all need—the courage of absolute unselfishness, and the will to "carry on."

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—This is my first letter to the Northern Messenger. I am twelve years old, June fifteen. I am four feet and one half tall. I am in grade six. In winter I play hockey, in summer I play softball. I live in New Brunswick. As this is my first letter I would like to have a lot of pen-pals, and I will try and answer all the letters I get from the friends who write, and please write early and late. I think this is all for now. Yours truly,—Ronald Lewis.

P.S.—I would like to have a letter from Aunt Ruth herself as well as all the other pen-pals.

Ans.—Well, here is your letter from Aunt Ruth in person. I'd like you to know how glad I am to welcome you, Ronald to the Chums' circle. The boys don't write to the Mail Bag as often as the girls do, and we miss their letters. I hope you will get all your boy pals to write and liven us up a bit. My experience is that boys can write very interesting letters when they try, but they aren't quite such good correspondents as girls. So let us see you start something new by getting boys to write and give my happy band of "nieces" some fine competition!

Your loving Aunt Ruth.

————: (O): ————

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—This is my second letter to the Chums' Page except for writing to two other girls belonging to the Chums' Page.

We have a dog and a cat for pets.

I saw the King and Queen and I think the Queen is very pretty.

I like the stories in the Northern Messenger. The story of the Finding

of the Lost Mine was very good. Well I had better close. Your Chum,—Margaret Weldin, N.S.

————: (O): ————

TO LORNA FROM MARION DYER

Dear Lorna,—I read your interesting letter and, since I adore P.E.I., I decided to write to you. You never said you wanted a corresponding Chum, but please do not forsake me, will you? Wouldn't it be splendid if we wrote to each other while you went to College? You could tell me all about your studies and friends.

How has the weather been to you, lately? The past few days here have been quite cold; but now it has passed off and it lovely outdoors.

What is your ambition? I have been thinking it is to become an author, from what you said in your letter. If so, it is the same as mine. I'll tell you more about it if you write back and tell me you will be my pen-pal.

I am five feet three inches tall. I have fair, naturally curly hair and blue eyes. I have three brothers and three sisters. I live in a town where my father is the doctor. We have been here for five years.

* * * * *

* This Week's Star Correspondent *

* MARION DYER *

* Honorable Mention *

* RONALD LEWIS *

* * * * *

Do you skate? I do and I love it. I don't go every night of the week as some do, because there is curling, too, and often there aren't many there. We have an open air rink and it is most interesting to study the stars while you skim down the ice.

Who are your favorite authors? No doubt you read my letter several weeks ago and have found mine: L. M. Montgomery, James Oliver Curwood and Gene Stratton-Porter.

Hoping you answer this letter and continue answering them, the more I write to you. Love,—Marion Dyer, Sask.

Ans.—Marion, do address your pen-pal by her full name, otherwise she may not recognize her letter.

————: (O): ————

Dear Audrey,—I am sorry that I didn't mention my age. I will be 12 on June 18. Even though you are a little older, I am glad to have a pen-pal. I have brown eyes and dark hair. Just the opposite from you.

Yes, I have read the book of Heidi. I think it is wonderful too. I weigh about 72 lbs. On April the 4th I saw two robins. Have you seen any yet? We have a radio too. We have had maple syrup and maple sugar already. The snow is almost gone and spring is here. Do you take the Farmer's Magazine? We do. We have two cats, but one is just a kitten; the kitten's name is Peggy and the other really hasn't any other name. We just call her the Mummy Pussy.

I also go to the Baptist Church. Well, I guess that is all that I can think of for this time. So will close, still remaining your pen-pal, Marjorie Oyler.

P.S.—I hope you have a very pleasant birthday.

Note.—We hope "the right Audrey" finds this letter. It helps if you put your pen-pal's surname in the heading such as *To Mary Brown, from Sally Jones.* —A. R.

————: (O): ————

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—This is my first letter to your page. I get the Northern Messenger every week. I read your page. Last week I saw one of my schoolmates' letters,—Lorraine Fritz's. I am a girl of eight. My birthday is February 21. I go to school and am in Grade III. For pets I have a cat. His name is Babe Ruth. He is nine years old. I have a calf whose name is Annie. She will be one month old the 28th of this month. We have a 4-H club every Friday afternoon. My hobbies are coasting, skipping, and playing tag at school. I have one sister. She is married and has twins; they will be three the 17th of May. Their names are Bernard and Beth. I will close now to leave room for more letters.—Joan Swallow, N.S.

Ans.—A very nice letter, Joan.

Trixie Tells His Story

AS I was about to say, dear Rover, I was city bred, not born in the country like you. You were lucky to be born in the open spaces and have the joys of the country life. But I,—well I was kept in the house almost seven days of the week and, if I were let out, somebody would have to tag along. You see they, or rather I, had a fashionable leash and collar with 'Trixie' written on them in gold and, every time I went for an airing somebody held the end of my leash. So you see I had no fun whatever.

Ha, ha! I remember one day I gave them the slip, and while they were frantically searching all over the house for me I was having the fun of my life. I chased three big black objects. They were cars. The last one I chased, however, was the one belonging to my master and mistress. My master was coming home from work in it, and before I could even bark, I was being carried up the front walk and into the house. Everybody was so glad to see me, saying, "Naughty puppy" and "Poor thing might have been killed", etc. After that—I was closely guarded—believe me.

* * *

ONE day my master went hunting, and I went too. But alas, I got lost and wandered around and around. Well, my master was gone when I finally reached the place at the edge of the swamp, where he had started. I lay down and whined, then barked, jumped up and growled. Who was it, anyway? Well, it was two boys on bicycles and they were stopping. One said: "Lost?"

"Wurf!" I said, meaning "Yes, of course."

"Shall we take him home, Ted?" asked the boy who had spoken.

"What will father say, Bill?" asked the other boy. Then they spent time for some earnest conversation. I butted in with a series of sharp barks every now and then, but they paid no attention to my attempt to join them.

Finally the boy called Bill picked me up and we started off. It wasn't like riding in a car. No indeed! I was under the left arm of Bill and feeling rather sick every time we hit a bump. After a long ride we turned into a lane and in time I was relieved from my uncomfortable position.

* * *

ISoon found the boys lived in a nice big house with a barn full of wondrous surprises. First of all there was the goat to get mad, to be chased by it, which was great fun. And the cows to

By 'CHUM' EILEEN LANE (aged 12.)



tease until they bunted you out of the road. There were horses to bark at, hens to chase, and cats to worry. Oh, it was nice! All these new things. But all good things must come to an end, and unfortunately this did! Yes sir, I heard the two boys talking with their Dad. As they already had a dog, their father put his foot down when they wanted to keep me.

It was no use begging. Their father was stern and firm in his decision.

Next night when I answered to Bill's call I was picked up by Ted and the two boys took me out of the lane. I expected that they would take me back to the place where they found me but, instead, they took me in the opposite direction. We passed two houses and at the third we stopped. There was a lady hoeing in the garden. I had always been brought up with polite manners, so I immediately said "Woof!"

"Hello." She turned, smiled and spoke to the boys. We all went into the barn where the boys consulted the farmer there about a place for me. Then Bill and Ted went away and left me in the barn. I soon understood this would now be my home and was quite satisfied.

* * *

THAT night the man tied me up with a rope around my neck to the turnip machine. After he had left I chewed through several strands of rope and finally got free. I found a suitable place to sleep. Thus I entered into my new home.

The next morning when chores were finished, the "lady in the garden" as I had christened her took me to the



house. A girl about eleven sat on a chair near the stove. She was expecting me, it seemed. Her auburn hair shone when the sun reflected golden beams on it. Her face lit up with joy and happiness when she saw me. All this I saw when I passed through the door. In a moment I was on her lap, wagging my tail and "getting acquainted" as you would say. Her soft arms went around my neck and her eyes looked into mine and—it was love at first sight! I kissed her; yes, I kissed her right on the end of the nose! And all that morning we romped. After that we spent many happy days skylarking. In summer we would play in the hay or 'hide-and-seek'. She has taught me that game, also a few tricks. She always has some interesting romps planned for me. Best of all, I like to take something from her and then have her chase me to get it back. In winter we have fun with her sleigh. I like to go on the sled with her, and we also have lovely times in the swamp.

Well, Rover, there is a limit to everything, and my only conclusion is that I am very, very happy and contented. I have found the home of my dreams, not shut in or locked up. 'Home, sweet home!'

Jonathan

(Continued from Page 5.)

the primitive custom of the day lots were cast, and Jonathan was revealed as the culprit. He had eaten in ignorance of the curse, but he must die. The king bowed his head to the inevitable. The prince accepted his fate without complaint. What did it matter that he should die if Israel were free!

Then the people spoke the decisive word: "Should Jonathan die, who hath wrought this great salvation in Israel? God forbid; as the Lord liveth, there shall not one hair of his head fall to the ground; for he hath wrought with God this day. So the people rescued Jonathan. . . ."

Let us leave it there, a strong story of grim days and strange, unequal standards of value.

While Saul had a religion of a primitive kind, Jonathan was a man of God, and, to such, externals are of small importance. He may appear to violate customs and conventions. He has not realized they were there. He has been too busy concentrating on the task of righting wrongs and delivering the captive. "The godly man understands God's will and goes straight to the Lord's business."—Leslie F. Church in the Methodist Recorder.

Surprises in School

ON a wall of a city school are emblazoned these words: "Be still and know," and, on the opposite wall, "Do and ye shall know." "The whole art of living" was my thought on first seeing them—my next was how to get their message across to a Sunday School class of 12-year-old boys.

The barrier of fear would, I felt, be broken and their confidence won only as I really cared, and was willing to be transparently honest with them about my own youthful problems. With the ground thus prepared, we made our first experiment in listening to God. After a two or three minutes' silence, "Jimmy" set the ball rolling by telling how the previous day he had stolen cake and hadn't owned up when his mother spoke about it. "I had a nightmare after it!" he added.

Another boy, "Willie," had marked a sum correct in school, when the answer should have been reduced to inches. "I must put that right with the teacher," he said. Another boy had been smoking on the sly, and glances indicated that others were not strangers to the practice. "Better than a party," was Willie's comment, as the boys left with a new lightness of step.

* * *

WOULD the "pink glow" last? My lack of faith was rebuked as I heard how the boys went "into action." "We've got a new Jimmy," remarked his mother, as she saw the new spirit of honesty and unselfishness at home. In school he became a real leader. "Cribbing," formerly rife in the playground shed, stopped. The other boys had noticed he had lost his old furtive look and wanted to know the secret. Later in a B.B. camp his power to help other boys was such that at the close of the camp, six boys were having their morning "quiet time." With it all went a rare sense of fun and adventure, with an utter absence of priggishness or pride.

The other day I had a visit from another "old boy," now a lad of 18, who told me how he and seventeen other "bell boys" on board a cruising liner were having daily "quiet times" throughout the voyage.

The secret of it all is love. The secret of love is God. There is no "technique," as some people think. The simple truth is that when boys listen, God speaks, and when boys obey, God works. It is the modern mold for the age-old truth that "to obey is better than sacrifice and to hearken than the fat of rams."

A Sunday School, with a staff wholly committed to God's plan, becomes not a classroom but a family, with an inward discipline that makes an outward one unnecessary.

* * *

Meetings After School

"WE (four teachers) told all our classes that we listened to God and that they could, too, if they wanted. We told them of Christ's rules for living — absolute honesty, purity, unselfishness, and love. Some of the girls were interested, and those of one class came to one of us a few days later and announced that they would like to become 'a band of Christians.' Following that we met once a week after school, with a nucleus of about half-a-dozen girls with whom we had Quiet Times. At first a few shared the thoughts that came to them, and in time all of them. Most of them had guidance about lessons and about helping at home.

"One sensitive, rather nervous girl, who had been unhappy at home since the recent death of her mother, found release in her Quiet Times, and faced up to the fact that she could do something about her home by listening to and obeying God's voice in the light of the four standards.

In school her poise and work so improved that more than one member of the staff remarked on the change. This same girl once shared that God told her she must not be suspicious of other people, adding that an older brother had given her some chocolates, and she had been constantly keeping an eye on them lest her younger sister would help herself. God had shown her how to work better and was now leading her to deeper truths.

* * *

"CHRISSIE, another of the original band, once told that her mother wondered why she was so different on Tuesday nights (the night of our weekly meeting) and saw for herself the logic that if listening and obeying could make a difference in her on Tuesday, it could do it on the other six days as well.

"Another girl, a recruit, who was in a class which had the reputation of being quarrelsome, said that God had (Please turn to Page 14.)

Answers to Young People's Bible Reading

1. That if they persisted in doing evil they would surely be punished.

2. That no harm would happen to them because they were "God's people".
3. If they had been true prophets they would have tried to turn the people from their evil ways.
4. To make the people think that they had a message from God in a dream.
5. That there was nourishment and life in the true word of God but the false prophets' teaching was like straw.
6. That they would know God's word by its effect.
7. "Prove (test) all things; hold fast that which is good."



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Keep Your Wits Working

RIDDLES CONTRIBUTED

BY 'CHUMS'

1. What is the best way to raise strawberries?
2. What is hot even when placed on ice?
3. What has fingers yet no flesh nor bones?
4. What do you do before getting off a train?
5. As I went in it went out but I still had it with me what was it?
6. The lawyer asked the witness who the man was that he was seen with on the night of the crime. The witness replied:

"Brothers and sisters I have none but that man's father is my father's son." With whom was he seen?—Sent in by Reta Penney.

PERHAPS HE SAID G

"There was a young man of Dun D;
The people said Who can he B?

A sprightly young dame
Said, 'I don't know your name,
But I C U R A Yankee.' "

ENIGMA

What Am I?

Blind am I; blind ever from my birth,
Yet have I eyes though I live in the earth:
And eyes that were never intended to see
You would think could not be of much
service to me.

Of a family large and useful am I;
You bake us, you boil us, you roast, and
you fry;

And, strangely enough, for the wonder in-
creases,

If you wish to produce us you cut us in
pieces!

LOST CITIES

Each one of these words spell the name
of some Canadian city. Try to rearrange
the letters so as to spell them correctly.

- | | |
|----------------|--------------|
| 1. Stoakanos | 7. Netralom |
| 2. Noldon | 8. Ecubeq |
| 3. Thail Nons | 9. Atwoat |
| 4. Hixlafa | 10. Neriga |
| 5. Troidfrecen | 11. Ottorno |
| 6. Gralacy | 12. Caritivo |

PASS THE MATCH-BOX

HERE is a jolly game for the livelier mo-
ments of the party. The players sit in
two lines, facing each other. There must be
an equal number on each line.

The first player on each side is given the
outside of a match-box, which he pushes on
to his nose.

On the word "Go" each turns round and
without using his hands pushes the match-
box on to the nose of the next player. He
or she in turn does the same, and so on
down the line until the case reaches the end.

The side which first gets the box to the
end wins the game.

Should the case be dropped it must be
sent back to the first player.

HUNT THE THIMBLE

THIS sounds like a game we all know,
doesn't it? But really it is much more
exciting than the usual "Hunt the Thimble"
game.

All the players but one go out of the
room, and the player left hides a thimble
anywhere. Now the others come in.

The one who has hidden the thimble has
a small hand-mirror and reflects a light
from it all around the room. The searchers
all follow it until at last it alights on the
place where the thimble is hidden.

It is really exciting, especially if the
player with the mirror flashed the light from
one side of the room to the other, thus
causing a stampede of the players to that
side.

The one who finds the thimble hides it
next time.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Crossword Puzzle

Across	Down
1 Appii forum	1. Armageddon
10. Rests	2. Peril
11. Marah	3. Ps
13. Mr	4. Its
14. Shorn	5. Ishi
16. So	6. Ormi
17. Air	7. Ran.
19. Iri	8. Ur
20. Hor	9. Mason
21. Glad	2. Horseleech
23. Mans	15. Oration
24. Victual	18. Raven
25. Dreg	20. Haled
27. Well	22. Dig
29. Den	23. Maw
30. Cor	26. Renew
32. Die	28. Limit
33. On	30. Corn
34. Jonah	31. Rams
36. Me	34. Jet
37. Never	35. Hus
	36. Vi

Eird Questions.—1. Cukoo. 2. The Dove.
3. The Phoebe.

What Am I?—A river.

"Oh, Mr. Brown," he asked the man,
"how much do you want for those pup-
pies?"

"They're two dollars apiece."

"Oh, but I don't want a piece; I want
a whole dog."

"Rastus," asked the teacher, "what
animal is most noted for it's fur?"

"The skunk, teacher," replied Ras-
tus. "The more fur you get away from
him, de better it is fur you."

Auto Salesman (Demonstrating car):
"See, I'll throw in the clutch."

Prospective Buyer: "Mandy, if he
will throw in the clutch I believe I'll
take it."

FAST ANIMALS

THE speed at which animals can
travel is often surprising. For ex-
ample, a big African elephant has been
known to overtake a motor car going
at 20 m.p.h. The fastest animal in ex-
istence is the cheetah, which sprints
at 70 m.p.h., and has been timed to
travel at nearly 80 m.p.h. A lion can
make quite useful progress at 50 m.p.
h., while a rhinoceros goes at 28 m.p.h.

A greyhound which many people
think is one of the fastest animals, has
reached not more than 36 m.p.h., and
is outclassed by many others, includ-
ing the fox, the zebra, the kangaroo and
the giraffe.

The fastest racehorse once travelled
at 43 m.p.h. By way of contrast, the
fastest human speed is 25 m.p.h. At
the other end of the scale are the snail
and the tortoise, which take things
easy at one-tenth of a mile an hour.—
The London Christian Herald.

Stick To It!

"Stick to it, boy,

Through the thick and the thin of it.
Work for the joy

That is born of the din of it.

Failures beset you,

But don't let them fret you;

Dangers are lurking,

But just keep on working.

If it's worth while and you're sure of
the right of it,

Stick to it, boy, and make a real fight
of it." —Sel.

BURDEN OF TIME

A workman who was carrying a
grandfather's clock down the road had
the misfortune to knock down a colon-
el walking in the opposite direction.

"Good gracious, man," said the col-
onel, collecting himself, "why the dick-
ens don't you wear a wrist watch?"

"Here's a book," said the agent,
"which you can't afford to be without."

"I never read," answered the victim.

"Well, buy it for the children."

"I'm single—I have no family. All I
have is a dog."

"Well buy it for the dog."

Mary: "This armless man can pick
up a needle with his toes!"

Harold: "That's nothing! I have
often picked up carpet tacks with my
heels."

Charles: "That's nothing; I pick up
five nails every time I lift my foot!"

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MOCK HOLLANDAISE

Chop 1 onion, 2 stalks celery and a sprig of parsley and let them simmer for 20 minutes with 3 cups water. Beat the yolks of 5 eggs well, and pour in 1 cup of the strained vegetable liquid, then cook in a double boiler, stirring constantly until the sauce is smooth and thick. Add 1 teaspoon lemon juice and salt and pepper to taste. Serve at once with broccoli, asparagus tips or Brussels sprouts.

CURRIED LAMB, DUMPLINGS

One-and-a-half pounds boned shoulder of lamb, cut in cubes, 1-2 cup sliced onions, 1 tablespoon butter, 4 cups water, 1 1-4 teaspoons salt, 1-4 teaspoon pepper, 2 teaspoons curry powder, 2 1-2 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca.

Brown the meat and onion in butter, add the water, cover, and simmer 1 1-2 hours. Mix the seasonings, and cook 15 minutes longer. Then add the tapioca and bring to a brisk boil, stirring rapidly. If you wish, 1 cup cooked peas may be added to the curried mixture at this point.

Make a dumpling batter with 1 cup sifted flour, 1 1-4 teaspoons baking powder, 1-2

teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon melted butter and 1-2 cup milk. Drop by teaspoons on to the boiling stew, cover tightly, and steam for 7 minutes. This makes 6 servings. Bananas fried until golden brown make a perfect accompaniment for a curried dish.

MOCHA TAPIOCA

1-3 cup quick-cooking tapioca, 1-4 teaspoon salt, 2 cups hot strong decaffeinated coffee, 1-2 cup sugar, 2 egg yolks, well beaten, 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten.

Add quick-cooking tapioca and salt to coffee, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add sugar. Pour small amount of tapioca mixture over egg yolks, stirring vigorously. Return to double boiler and cook until thickened. Remove from fire, cool, and fold in egg whites. Chill. Pile in sherbet glasses. Top with whipped cream. Serves 6.

BREAKFAST COCKTAIL

(Serves 1)

1 egg yolk, juice of 2 Sunkist oranges, 1 teaspoon honey or sugar to taste, pinch of salt. Beat together and drink every morning.

How We Get That Way

MRS. D. W. HINDS

ALTHOUGH we start crying for something shortly after entering this world, our first desires are merely for food and bodily comfort and are, in most cases, easily satisfied.

Soon our interests, though for some time remaining quite objective, extend beyond our immediate needs. At this age, our senses are keen; we investigate everything within reach; life is so full, and we are so eager our delight cannot be easily restrained, and we really are happy. We hear the birds sing and watch the plants grow, and, enjoying the love and appreciation of others, we are contented.

When and how do we lose this healthy response to nature and take up the false idea that we are lacking in something, that our happiness depends upon the accumulation of material things?

It is often implanted in our subconscious minds during our very early years, when we are so young, so new to the world, that we are easily misled by our elders. When we hear Mother intimate that her happiness depends upon a new hat or the purchase of a new car, we do not question her.

When Father says that his coming increase in salary will make the family happy, we do not doubt him—he is so

big and wise. And gradually, we come to believe that we ourselves are wrong in being happy and contented, that happiness lies outside ourselves, around the corner. In consequence, by the time we have reached the teen-age, we are ready to give up the fundamentals of life for the illusions of our elders.

The false premise remains with us sometimes throughout life. If we rid ourselves of it in middle age, we are fortunate.

We see men striving for money with which to make themselves happy, yet many persons now wealthy are miserably unhappy. We know young persons who pine for travel, while others who do travel, do so in complete boredom with eyes closed and minds filled with prejudice.

We hear it said, "To be happy, we must have health." Yet, we see about us specimens of perfect health who are far from happy. On the other hand, we see invalids who are extremely useful and happy. In spite of this evidence to refute our conception of life, it is difficult for us now to realize that happiness comes from the ability to use and enjoy what we have.

It is not yet too late, perhaps, again to cultivate our natural resources. By

Garlands for Ashes

Why yield your mind
To petty rules,
To critic's ready scornful tongue,
To jealousy and prejudice,
To which we all
So long have clung?

Permit no walls to hold your soul,
Which would ascend to heights sublime;

Why cramp, why hinder, blast the bud
That well could flower at any time!

—Dorothy Sproule.

forcing ourselves, painfully, we can take sufficient exercise to awaken our old zest for eating. By studious effort we may once more learn to smell the meadows and to hear the tinkling brook.

But what of our children? Shall we mislead them as we ourselves have been misled? Shall we teach them by word and implication that they are not to be happy now but later, when they have acquired something which is now beyond their reach? Shall we keep them reaching constantly for the unattainable or shall we, by example, show them the truth?

What is the truth? That they will always be happy provided they keep their God-given active curiosity, their pleasure in achievement, their natural reverence and kindness and the ability to enjoy the simple things of life.

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association,
8 West 40th St., New York City.)

SURPRISES IN SCHOOL

(Continued from Page 12.)

told her to offer to make friends with a girl to whom she had not spoken for about six months. She obeyed this guidance and the other girl's response was immediate. This breach was healed, and a new spirit of friendliness is now apparent in that class.

"The people who are making the world better," said one of the girls, "are those who listen to God. We can all help, too, if we take our orders from Him every morning."—Four Kirkcaldy Teachers.

—In the Perthshire Constitutional.

BLESSING IN DISGUISE

THE ESKIMOS in the sub-Arctic were distressed by the poor fur catch of last season. Yet their general well-being has improved as a result of it, this being due to the fact that the natives, lacking enough furs for barter, had to live largely on natural products of the country, particularly seals and rabbits. This going back to the food of their ancestors brought a noticeable improvement in their physical condition.—Christian Herald.

MONTREAL, MAY 10, 1940.

TRAITOROUS APATHY

CHIEF JUSTICE GREENSHIELDS told the Rotary Club in Montreal that in all the relations of life people should "think seriously, persistently and unselfishly how the best is to be made of the world in which we live."

"I am forced to say," the Chief Justice said, "that we have in our midst a class, and perhaps a class daily growing in numbers, whom, for lack of a better description, I will call the indifferent citizen. Let it be well understood my remark is purely impersonal. I do not direct it against any individual or any particular class; much less do I single out any race, any religious denomination, or any language."

These people, the Chief Justice continued, "largely, if not completely, determine the destiny of the world, and never, save for the brief time in the excitement of an election—when the emotions are at their floodtide and common sense, reason and judgment are at their lowest ebb—do they give thought to the right and wrong of a government policy. Not a thought do they give to the obligation and task of citizenship."

A foolish, selfish, unthinking democracy may be as dangerous to the public weal as any oligarchy, the Chief Justice said. He lamented that though the world's granaries are filled with food, thousands are faced with starvation. Seed time and harvest have never failed yet penury and want stalk through the land.

Here is a word that is very necessary these days. There is a tendency to think that because one "does not do any harm" he is therefore a good citizen. We must learn that "negative virtues" are of little value in a world where evil is active and aggressive. Apathy within is more dangerous to a nation than any enemy without. A selfish, unthinking democracy paves the way for dictatorship.

Montreal, May 10, 1940.

"BE THRIFTY"

SIR JOHN SIMON, Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, or as we would say, "Finance Minister" brought in a Budget making the taxes much heavier on the already heavily taxed people of Britain. This is necessitated by the war.

It is the accepted idea by the Old Country humorous writers that the Englishman always grumbles at his taxes, but there has been very little grumbling over the Simon Budget, for every one knows that the utmost sacrifice will be necessary in this great struggle in which Britain and France and the Empire are engaged.

Sir John Simon followed up his Budget with a broadcast advising all British taxpayers to "think before you spend." (Our own Mr. C. F. Towers of the Bank of Canada has been giving a similar warning to Canadians.)

"The various taxes have been spread over the whole of production as fairly

and justly as can be contrived," said Sir John.

"Just as I would do my duty thoroughly and fearlessly, I am sure the people of this country will do theirs by contributing at whatever sacrifice to the revenue of the country.

"We are engaged in the most expensive war of all time. The immense outlay of £5,500,000 (about \$24,475,000) daily makes it necessary to reduce private spending. The needs of our fighting services must come first."

Thrift is not admired or practised as it was in the days of our grandfathers, but it is a very important and necessary virtue. It is part of self-discipline. There is even fun in "learning to do without."

The 9th Scout Law reads, "A Scout is Thrifty."

There is an old Scots proverb, "Frae savin' comes havin'," and an English proverb has it "Practise thrift or else you'll drift." It would be fatal to "drift" in war time. Many of us are already "thrifty" through necessity. We all must learn to be extra careful spenders.

NEWFOUNDLANDERS IN ACTION

THE men of Britain's premier colony, Newfoundland, are playing a fine part in the war. Besides those in the regular fighting services on land or sea, many fishermen are engaged in the dangerous job of mine-sweeping in the narrow waters surrounding Britain. Many lumber men are exercising their strength of arm and their knowledge of forestry in Britain's woods and forests.

When the Duke of Devonshire (Under Secretary for the Dominions) visited a forestry camp in Scotland a short while ago he was told that of the 2,145 loggers now in Britain many were longing to join the fighting forces. He assured the men that they were doing important work where they were. "In war time," he said, "it is up to each man to do the work for which he is best fitted."

There is no doubt that these New-

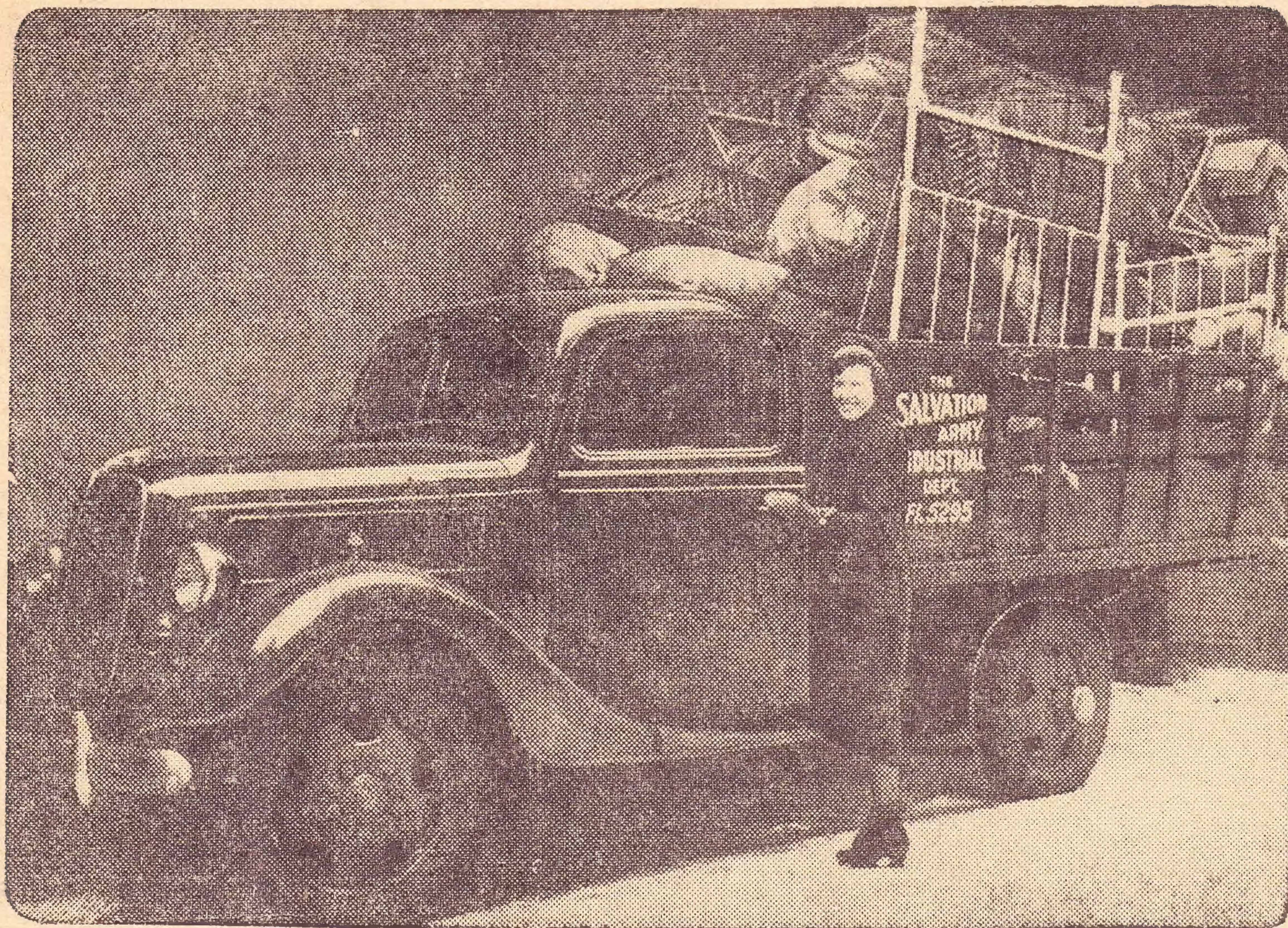
foundland woodsmen would give a good account of themselves in battle, but their special knowledge on this other "front" makes it necessary that they should stay there.

The Duke told the men that it would be a serious blow to Britain's war-effort if the coal mines were hampered in their work through a timber shortage. Upon the work of the Newfoundlanders, he said, in preparing pit props from Scotland's trees depended in a large measure whether or not such danger would be averted.

The Duke spent a good while watching the men at their work, chatting with many of them personally. He paid special tribute to Captain Turner, who is in command of the forestry unit.

The forestry forces from Canada and Newfoundland did excellent work in the Great War. Their sons and younger brothers who have followed in their footsteps will perform equally valuable service.

The "Lasses" Are Ready



Equipped For Anything

TODAY she drives a junk truck — tomorrow it may be a gleaming ambulance. but whatever she drives, this Montreal Salvation Army officer will do it well. Although this is not their regular work, many of the "lasses" are learning to handle heavy vehicles against the day when they may be called upon to drive near the front lines. During the last war, the "Army" maintained 48 ambulances in France. Fully equipped modern war ambulances cost as much as \$25,000.

The Thinker

(Continued from Page 3.)

Guy recognized as Hass, leaped from the bushes bordering the road, and bore Hamilton to the ground. They tied his hands and fastened a long rope around his body under the arms. Guy was no weakling and he resisted with all his strength, but the four were too many for him.

They smothered his cries by tying a handkerchief across his mouth, and led him through the fields in the direction of the Hass farm. They plodded a long way, and when finally they stopped, Guy saw by the moonlight that they had reached the old well near the boundary line between the Hass and Hamilton properties. Then it dawned on him what his enemy intended. He tried to reason, but Hass was so angry that he hardly knew what he was doing. He ordered his companions to help, and they lowered "The Thinker" into the dark depths. Hass threw the rope in after him with the suggestion, "Stay there and soak some of the smartness out of you!"

Guy Hamilton had good nerve; he was not much frightened, for he believed the fellows would come back—they'd be afraid to leave him there very long. At the worst, his father would search for him next day; though he might not think of that old well, sunk

by someone years before Mr. Hamilton bought the land.

"The Thinker" struck a match and examined his surroundings. The parting shot from Hass recurred to him again and again. Evidently Art thought the well contained at least a little water; but Guy found its bottom perfectly dry. Then this lad who always used his head thought of something that thrilled him through and through!

* * *

THE boys did not return, and it was nine o'clock the next morning before a searching party, headed by Mr. Hamilton, found Guy. The boy was half frozen and had to be cared for during the rest of the day.

But next morning he was quite well, and anxious to talk. Meantime, Mr. Hass had learned of his son's part in the cruel "joke." Though he had never liked his neighbors, he did not approve of what Art had done. He hurried to the Hamilton home to apologize and do anything he could to make amends. And more, he forced his son to accompany him—very much against Art's desire.

"The very people whom I wanted to see!" exclaimed the wronged boy. "That was pretty rough treatment you gave me, Art; but it ended well, for I made a discovery worth thousands of dollars to you folks."

"But Art has never treated you right," began Mr. Hass.

"Let's forget that," suggested Guy. "Listen, that well is as dry on the bottom as a bone!"

"What of that?" asked Hass.

"Don't you see?" Guy was enthusiastic. "There's a barrier between your land and that well on the edge of ours; otherwise it would contain water. I am sure it is a ledge of rock in that hill instead of the hill itself that prevents your land from draining. Instead of having to dig a ditch twenty feet deep and a mile long, we will merely have to locate that ledge, which we can do with a post auger in a single day, shoot off the top, at an expense of not more than two hundred or three hundred dollars, and—presto! the swamp land is worth three hundred dollars an acre!"

"And this is the lad you have disliked and abused!" exclaimed Mr. Hass, turning accusingly on his son.

"Not any more," answered Art, reaching for "The Thinker's" hand. "You've been a friend to me all along, Guy, and I didn't appreciate you. Hereafter—well, you'll see."

We all are blind until we see

That in the human plan

Nothing is worth the making if

It does not make the man.

Why build these cities glorious

If man unbridled goes?

In vain we build the world, unless

The builder also grows.

—Edwin Markham.